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NOVEMBER, 1949

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

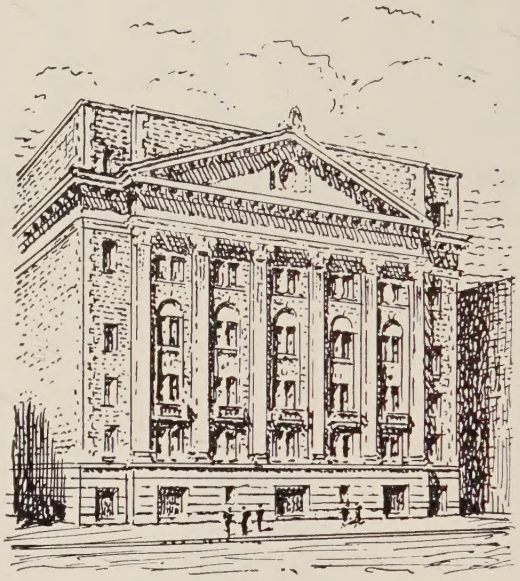
Thanksgiving Day

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow—
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

(From Lydia Maria Child's poem in "My American Heritage")



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVI **November, 1949** *Number 8*

ALONG THE WAY

By PRESTON BRADLEY

(Following is a report on the Religious Congress at Amsterdam, continued from the October "Liberalist.")

A French View—On Sovereignty and Freedom

The second of the series of public meetings was addressed by Professor Lavergne of Paris University. The Professor is a distinguished authority on the Co-operative movement and it was an essential point of his address that in co-operation we can find a practical implementation of the Christian spirit.

His major theme was the question of "State Sovereignty and International Justice in the post-war world." Professor Lavergne pointed out that the traditional conception of state sovereignty implied the contention of a nation that there was no authority above it and that it was at liberty to defend its rights with any means within its power, including the taking up of arms against another nation.

It did not seem as if existing governments were ready to abandon this position. There was little indication of a keenness to surrender their sovereignty to an international organization. The ten governments who had recently formed the Council of Western Europe continued to maintain their individual sovereignty. The Council was empowered to take decisions with consent of all governments concerned but its various recommendations were in no way binding.

Conditions of modern warfare were such that in the event of war not one nation was in a position to defend itself. The help of other countries would be essential. Economic problems had become so involved and inter-related that in reality not a single nation was independent of another.

The fact was that where justice was concerned the traditional pattern of supreme state supremacy was disappearing. Sometimes such changes proceeded gradually without people observing.

The idea of sovereignty had its counterpart in international justice. The latter could be achieved only as sovereignty became diminished and limited. There were two essential forms of international justice. One economic, the other political.

Economically, it implied equal distribution of raw materials, the formation of sales markets to enable the best use to be made of production resources.

Politically, it implied a system of federalism in which the various national communities were subject to one common political organization whose member states directly influence the decisions of the central state which had the power to impose directives upon its members.

Just as he saw the co-operative movement as the practical incarnation of the Christian spirit in economics so did he similarly perceive federalism as its practical expression in politics.

"Christianity," concluded Professor Lavergne, "is essentially ecumenical and completely ignores national frontiers. Federalism did not set value upon frontiers. It unites neighboring nations into a larger unity. It was a practical expression of Christian universalism and the best possible incarnation of the ecumenical idea."

A Layman's View—On Religious Freedom

A stirring address from Dr. P. J. Oud, Lord Mayor of Rotterdam, was given at the third of the public meetings, which had the Rev. F. Cottier in the chair.

Dr. Oud's subject was "A Layman's View of Liberal Christianity." "There were people," he said, "who contend that Liberal Christianity is no Christianity at all. That there was Christianity only when you believed in a special series of dogmas." A Dutch Liberal and a Dutch Orthodox statesman were discussing the teaching of Christian virtues in the elementary schools.

"Is it possible," asked one, "to teach Christian virtues if you don't teach Christian dogmas?"

The Liberal statesman replied, "There is more Christianity than the Christianity of the Church. There is a Christianity above differences of faith. Christianity is a great light of which the different creeds are separate rays. It does not remain in the Church. It is a social power; a stream which has discharged itself through all the veins of society."

The orthodox statesman could not agree. The latter felt that the foundation of Christianity was centered in the Cross.

"To me," said Dr. Oud, "the question is not what Christ has been, but what Christ is. The miracle which God created in the world with Christianity is rather more than less astonishing if Christ did not live." The message of Liberal Christianity was to emphasize this. Millions of people in the world were outside the Church, they had lost not only their belief in the creeds, but their faith in God. They had become indifferent to all religious life. The need was to bring them back to a belief in Christian principles.

Continuing, Dr. Oud expressed criticism of humanist tendencies. "There are," he said, "people who are ready to accept principles of morality that are based on Christian principles and yet they deny these principles. They profess themselves adherents of a humanism which has no root in a belief in God.

"These things are dangerous," said Rotterdam's Lord Mayor. "They are dangerous because a man without a belief in God takes the risk of becoming a worshipper of an idol."

He proceeded to recall how the Dutch had learned this from their wartime experiences, when the Nazis idolized the State and displayed posters on which was written "You are nothing, your people is all."

These words were the negation of human worthiness and human rights. Men who do not recognize the dignity of the human person were prepared to commit any bestiality. This explained

all the atrocities of the concentration camps. The tragedy was that there remained countries where human dignity and human rights were still in danger. Totalitarianism had still to be fought.

To him the task of Liberal Christianity was to stand in the forefront of the battle of humanity. It must restore man's lost faith in the Christian message. It must point out it was not necessary to believe all the old dogmas. It was enough to believe in the Spirit of Christ.

At this, as at each of the public meetings, our Dutch friends provided excellent musical entertainment. On this occasion a choral program was provided by "The Het Nederlands Kamerkoor" under the leadership of Mr. Felix de Nobel. The program included beautiful renderings of Psalms 86 and 81 and The Benedictus.

(In the December "Liberalist" will be published "Sectional Meetings," "I. World Religions. II. Social Service.")

BROAD AS THE SKY

G. C. CONSTABLE

The spire of my church, though unseen,
reaches the stars;
Its foundation rests firm in earth's
keep.
Its creed is as big and as broad as the
sky
That encircles the world in its sweep.

The brethren are those who inhabit the
earth,
Mankind, the great and the small:
The sons of Mohammed, the rabbi, the
priest—
This cathedral has room for us all.

God speaks to me in the stir of a leaf,
In the glorious song of a bird;
And my pew is a log or a mountain
crag—
Wherever His voice is heard.

—(*From "Unity Poems"*)

"THE ASPIRIN AGE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

THE words of the song which we have just sung together constitute for me the very kernel of my desires and hopes and ambitions for this pulpit as the years come and go. I can think of nothing better in a world darkened and obscured and confused, than to be able to stand and give people "Wonderful Words of Life,"—"Wonderful Words of Life."

I like the word "wonderful." In itself it is the crystallization of one of the finest capacities of the human mind. The capacity to wonder! Wonder is one of the beauties of the human mind, and I am sorry for the person whose mind is so immersed in the technological, materialistic details of life that he has lost the capacity to wonder—the capacity of imagination—the capacity of romance—wonderful words of life!

I like the word "words," too. I use a great many in the course of my life. I don't know how many; probably several hundred quintillion, quadrillion, billion. I have used a lot of words and I love words. To me they have a distinctiveness and a charm and a delight that helps to increase our conception of wonder. I could preach a whole sermon just on the subject of what words do to you when you hear them.

Just take the word "love;" and the word "home;" and the word "happi-

ness." Just say the word, and the word itself has an element of wonder and music in it. Then just take the word "hate;" just say the word "hate!" Why, the very little word itself assembles all sorts of antagonistic and antithetical and non-creative and critical attitudes in one's soul. Hate! Envy! *Envy!* Jealousy! Lie! Just see what words do. Simple words. And then think of Life! Vitality! Bouyancy! Living beautifully and triumphantly and victoriously! Life! Wonderful words of life!

I think that's what every sermon ought to be. Just think of any preacher getting up and preaching doom and disaster and despair and hate and animosity and constantly reiterating about the collapse of civilization and the end of the world! I think he ought to get out of the pulpit. I think any preacher who only sees people as weak and wretched, and vile and worthless, and no good and not worth saving or helping; who is trying to emphasize a little private religion for us to embrace and give our loyalty to; who has integrated himself into a religious consciousness where he thinks he is all right in this world and any other, but if you are not in step with him you are wrong, should not be preaching. Every little while I run into people whose theology is of such a tragic character; not because of its conception of God or a philosophy of life, but because of their utter acceptance of the complete documentation of the human personality.

That's why I have shied away, and shall shy away, and am shying away more and more, as I grow older, from the idea that man is a helpless worm of the dust and was born in iniquity and sin, and that he starts off in his pilgrimage of life just a mass of rottenness and corruption. Why, this idea of teaching little children that they are born in sin is one of the most diabolical ideas ever promulgated on humanity; and the tragedy of it is, it is almost always done in the name of Christianity and religion. I have yet to see a little child who looks like a den of iniquity and sin! They get that as they get older; sometimes as they get older, they get more of it; but this debasement of the human personality I despise.

I think the human personality is the highest expression in the whole evolutionary process of life. I don't think there is anything more important in this world than you, and that is why I say repeatedly, that there are no unimportant people; and there aren't! There isn't a person listening to me this moment who is unimportant. You are the sum total of all the contributing influences of creative life. You have more allness—you breathe—you have personality! You are a person! You aren't a thing. You live; you have life; identity; character and personalization; and you are important! You are the most important thing in the world—or in heaven or anywhere else! And I think one of the tragedies of Christianity down through the ages, beginning with the infiltration of the torture of Christ at its inception, and one of the things, as directly responsible as any other for the failure of Christianity as a religion to do something about the tragedy the world is in, has been the debasement of the human personality. That's why I am fundamentally opposed to war; because it destroys the human personality, and anything that destroys that, I think could be called sin.

I don't know what the unpardonable sin is. There is a lot of theological argument about that. One woman wrote me this week and wanted to know if I thought she had committed the unpardonable sin, and then she told me

what it was; and if that was it, I don't know who hasn't committed it. We are just all unpardonable sinners from the point of view of certain faults, but she was all excercised because she thought she had committed it, and she couldn't sleep nights.

I am not so sure there is such a thing as an unpardonable sin. I am not so sure the human personality can batter itself against the temptations of this life without succumbing, being knocked down and getting up again and going on. If there was anything man could do that was unpardonable in the sight of God, I don't know how you would read into that theory the infinite goodness of God. If man can alienate himself so completely away from the creative cosmos and the creative vitality of the life of which he is a part, that he can never get back, never can stand on his feet again, never throw back his shoulders and look the world straight in the face—well, that I cannot believe. So this idea of the total depravity of humanity and an unpardonable sin, I repudiate, and I revolt from it.

Well, my subject, you know, is "The Aspirin Age," and I didn't think there for a while, I would ever get around to it. I seldom preach from a text, for it is always a conclusion, and a conclusion should be at the end. If you are going to start with the conclusion, why preach the sermon at all. You might just as well give your text and sit down. How I would like to have met Henry Ward Beecher. He died the year I was born and he was the Shakespeare of the English speaking pulpit. Never since has there been anyone comparable in artistry and genius to Henry Ward Beecher, as a great pulpiteer. Every little while I meet someone who has heard him, but of course I never did. I remember that once I preached a series of sermons on why I wasn't this, and why I wasn't that: why I wasn't a Roman Catholic and why I wasn't a Christian Scientist. I thought all I had to do was tell them my conclusions and why, and the world would say "He is right. I am not going to be any of those things either." I thought I could straighten out the whole business. I have given up all that foolishness. That's silly.

You are never going to get uniformity in religion or in theology, and that is why I believe in every church; and I do! Every individual ought to go to that church which feeds his soul. If your soul is fed in a Roman Catholic Church, that's where you belong. If it is fed in a Lutheran Church, that's where you belong; if in a Christian Science Church, that's the church where you belong. If your soul finds inspiration and food and sustenance and strength there, you go to that church. I am for all the churches, and how much easier my work would be if all the churches were for me. But I am for all of them; every one of them; for you are never going to get uniformity in theology, never in the world; but you can get unity, and that is precisely my point.

I look with a great deal of fear upon the growing antagonisms throughout the world and in this country as well, between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant church; and I use that by way of example. I am just wondering what dissipation of energy is taking place in these two great groups that have a different interpretation of so much in the theology of Christ as to what to believe about him and how to worship him, while the Roman Catholics are developing a nationwide campaign of appeal to Protestants, asking questions, publishing in their literature that one out of every seven persons is a Roman Catholic, one out of every three is this and that. There

is a constant appeal to the non-Catholic world to come in, and what is it all about?

And now the Protestant church is going to have a national campaign on Protestantism. Sometimes I wish that these Christians, Catholics and Protestants, could all be atheists for a few minutes so they could all get together and live like Christians.

I am not fundamentally interested in any sectarian interpretation of religion. I don't think God cares whether you are a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, but I think God does care what you are doing as an individual in society to build his kingdom upon this earth. That's what I think he cares about, and I look with fear and trembling upon all this sectarian revival that is coming to America. I think it is dangerous; I think it is sad. Here are the dynamics of Christ. He stands quite simply with his remedy for a broken world. Oh, if instead of Catholics and Protestants and Jews and everybody else, in this confused moment, when values are being destroyed and attacked all along the line, instead of trying to compete with each other over forms of worship and over creeds, if they would only say: "We are going to stop all this foolishness. You go to your church and I'll go to mine, but we will walk along together; and when we come to your church you walk in, and when I come to my church I'll walk in, and then afterward we will meet again and walk along together and build a decent world for us both.

I warn Christianity. I warn the bigot and the credalist and the sectarian and the fanatic in every area of Christian action. I warn you that you are, unconsciously perhaps but nevertheless, you are playing into the direct pattern of the forces of materialism, of hate and communism in the world. They want you to fight each other. They want you to attack each other's churches. They want you to despise each other. They are proud of the fact when you indicate hate of another's religion or another's church. So, I am for all of them!

It wasn't very long ago that I spoke in a Roman Catholic Church. You all gasp and I think I had better explain that before the gasp becomes fatal, but I did speak in a Roman Catholic church. I didn't speak in the pulpit or the sanctuary, but I spoke in a lecture hall below, and I was in the church, the Roman Catholic Church. I liked it. The next night I spoke in a Lutheran Church. They were a little more liberal. They all met in the church auditorium. Then a little while after that, the same week, I spoke to a Presbyterian Men's Brotherhood, and the next week I went to a meeting of a Congregational Church and spoke there, and the next Friday night, wearing a skull cap I stood in the pulpit of a Jewish Synagogue. I ran the whole gamut. I liked it. You know what that is? I don't know what *you* call it, but I call it religion. I think Christ would put his benediction upon that. And it is that kind of unity that we must recapture in this age.

Now a book was published in August, which I didn't see till mid-September, called "The Aspirin Age." That book deals with the whole series of historical episodes, the great personalities and the great events involved, in the life of the world from 1931 to 1941; that very important ten years. I haven't the time and perhaps it isn't within the province of the sermon this morning to treat each of these episodes that took place. I am going to review it in detail very soon and I want you to hear it—it deals with the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby, the Tunney fight, the depression—all these things are portrayed in the light of subsequent

events, and they call the book "The Aspirin Age," and the author says the reason is, because the world had a headache and so they turned to aspirin. I thought there might be a kernel of a thought there that I would like to bring to my pulpit and so I called this sermon "The Aspirin Age." The sermon hasn't anything to do with the book, not a thing. I just deliberately, maliciously and with malice aforethought stole the title. I didn't think of that title myself. I had two or three notes from people this week saying "That's a great subject you have." Well, I said "I didn't think of it; I stole it; but the application is my own."

Now, what's aspirin? We will get right down to business. I don't know. Somebody tells me it's made out of coal tar. I am not a chemist; don't know anything about it; furthermore, I have never taken an aspirin in my life; don't know what it tastes like or what it does. Now my authority for my remarks, therefore, is the authority of not knowing what it is or what it does to a person, by experience. All that I have to say to you I say from observation.

I know lots of people who use aspirin; I suppose there are 500 boxes of aspirin in the pockets of people in this congregation this morning. I suppose immediately after this sermon a great many of you will be looking for an aspirin, and probably some of you will need it. But the people who are users of aspirin are people who are always treating symptoms. They want to treat symptoms. Now, what's a headache? Except for one type of headache, a headache is a symptom. There is only one type of headache that is a disease of the head, or brain, and that's migraine headache. Every other headache isn't a disease at all. It's a symptom. And everyone who has a headache says "Give me an aspirin!" "Give me an aspirin!" Now what they are seeking for is not a cure for headache, for any person is a foolish person if he has any prolonged series of headaches who doesn't consult a scientific individual in the realm of diagnosis and submit himself to a complete and careful physical check-up; for a headache is not a disease; it's a symptom.

So one of the tragedies of the aspirin user is that his whole attitude toward life and his problems is the attitude of treating symptoms, and that is the way I apply this subject of "The Aspirin Age." The world has a headache, too, and it's a big one. It probably has the biggest headache it has ever had. I think it may develop still more tragically, but it has a headache, and any statesman, diplomat, foreign minister, president, anybody who is familiar with the headache of the world and is trying to help the world, who does it with aspirin treatment is a dangerous person. For the headache of the world is a symptom—it is not a disease—and it is not fatal. The headache which this world has today is not fatal. But the leadership that thinks it can give the world aspirin and treat a symptom for a temporary surcease from pain, or build a temporary bridge across the chasm of the crisis—that kind of leadership is doing an injustice to humanity and I repudiate it.

I wish we would take this world into the laboratory of God and analyze and diagnose the mistakes of the past and the failures of the present, and find out where the pain and the headache is coming from; for all the diseased condition of the world today is the direct result of the violation of the fundamental laws of the world's health. That's what your disease is and mine. We cannot violate the fundamental laws of spiritual and physical and mental health and expect, when these symptoms occur of a devastating dis-

ease that we can cure it by something that only deadens the pain. And yet that's what most people want. They don't want to pay the price for curing the disease. They want only that which deadens the pain, and when the pain leaves then they feel all right again, and they can go right on with the very violations that brought the disease on. I am a little fearful that's what the world is doing. I see it in this strange ideological desertion: I see it in this strange feeling about for the restoration of the balance of power in European diplomacy. I feel it in the flirtation with Franco and in the millions for Tito. I see it in the drawn ideological lines of repudiation of tyranny and dictatorship, whether Fascism or Communism. I see it while a world, sick and suffering with pain, is seeking, through a combination of nations to forget their ideology.

Why, who is worried now about that? The thing the diplomats are concerned about now is, "What nation can be on our side in the construction of a military line-up in the future of Europe?" What is that? That is returning to the same fundamental violation of good, coordinated world unity that brought us into the trouble in the first place.

We got into the trouble. Heroic men bled to get us out of it. The world had its chance. Every plane was grounded: every submarine was on the surface: people were sweeping the sea of the destructive mines. The world had its chance, and right in the midst of the chance, suffering disillusionment and frustration! They forgot how to build peace! Millions and millions and millions for a battleship! Twenty-five millions for a radar screen over America! Millions based upon fear and hysteria, while Christ weeps and God wonders—and the world tries aspirin! ! !

TWENTY-THIRD DEDICATION SUNDAY

October 9, 1949

By Dr. Preston Bradley

ONE of the most heroic and one of the finest thinkers the American pulpit has ever had, was William Ellery Channing. Dr. Channing lived from 1780 to 1842, a pioneer in preaching religion in terms of reason rather than emotion. He was one of the greatest of our American pulpiteers.

When we built this church, I was commissioned by our then Board of Trustees to find an appropriate motto which we could use here in the sanctuary that would give inspiration and encouragement to every friend, member and visitor who came into the church.

Dr. Channing preached what lives as the great Baltimore Sermon, and which has been called "The Declaration of Independence in Religious Thinking." It is a great document and I would advise all students everywhere, particularly those students who are preparing for spiritual leadership in the years to come, to read the Baltimore Sermon of Dr. William Ellery Channing. He influenced the thinking of Emerson, of Thoreau, and most interestingly, of Abraham Lincoln. The probabilities are that the influence of Channing upon Lincoln had much to do with Lincoln's liberal attitude in religious philosophy.

I have read the Baltimore Sermon many, many times. I read it over once or twice a year. I found in the Balti-

more Sermon a phrase which I selected to put over the Choir Loft and Pulpit of The Peoples Church of Chicago:

"Live a life of faith and hope; believe in the mighty power of truth and love."

That phrase is the very essence of the emphasis which our church has tried to make down through the years.

I gave the 103rd Anniversary Address of the American Unitarian Association, in the City of Boston, and that service was held in Dr. Channing's old church. As I stood in the pulpit of the Arlington Street Church in the City of Boston and preached that sermon that day, 100 years and more after Dr. Channing had stood there, I approached my responsibility with fear and trembling. To think that I was privileged to stand in a pulpit which had influenced the thinking of America and had influenced the life and ideals of a nation.

I am now going to read a few paragraphs by Dr. William Ellery Channing, on the subject "A Call to Worship":

"Come to this place to worship with the soul, to elevate the spirit of God.

"Let not this house be desecrated by a religion of show. Let it not degenerate into a place of forms. Let not your pews be occupied by lifeless machines. Do not come here to take part in lethargic repetitions of sacred words. Do not come from a cold sense of duty, to quiet conscience with the thought of having paid a debt to God. Do not come to perform a present task to insure a future heaven. Come to find heaven now, to anticipate the happiness of that better world by breathing its spirit, to bind your souls indissolubly to your Maker.

"Come to worship in spirit and in truth; that is, intelligently, rationally, with clear judgment, with just and honorable conceptions of the Infinite Father, not prostrating your understanding, not renouncing the divine gift of reason, but offering an enlightened homage, such as is due to the Fountain of intelligence and truth.

"Come to worship with the heart as well as intellect, with life, fervor, zeal. Sleep over your business if you will, but not over your religion.

"Come to worship with strong conviction, with living faith in a higher presence than meets the eye, with a feeling of God's presence not only around you but in the depths of your souls.

"Come to worship with a filial spirit, not with fear, dread, and gloom; not with sepulchral tones and desponding looks, but with humble, cheerful, boundless trust, with overflowing gratitude, with a love willing and earnest to do and to suffer whatever may approve your devotion to God.

"Come to worship him with what he most delights in, with aspiration for spiritual light and life; come to cherish and express desires for virtue, for purity, for power over temptation, stronger and more insatiable than spring up in your most eager pursuits of business or pleasure; and welcome joyfully every holy impulse, every accession of strength to virtuous purpose, to the love of God and man.

"In a word, come to offer a refined, generous worship, to offer a tribute worthy of him who is the perfection of truth, goodness, beauty, and blessedness. Adore him with the calmest reason and the profoundest love, and strive to conform yourselves to what you adore."

(From Dr. Channing's "Christian Worship.")

* * *

Twenty-six years ago tomorrow, October 10th, this congregation assembled for the first time in this church which we had built. Much has happened in

those twenty-six years, but in each year on the Sunday nearest to the actual date of October 10th, we have repeated our words of dedication which we used at our first service in this sanctuary twenty-six years ago tomorrow morning, at 11 o'clock.

I do not know how many in the congregation this morning were here at that dedicatory service. I know it was probably one of the greatest moments in my life. In many respects it was the greatest moment I have ever known. Twenty-six years ago I had already been in the church as the minister for twelve years.

Our church first met thirty-eight years ago, in Arcola Hall on Clark Street. We outgrew that small hall and then moved into the Wilson Avenue Theatre, now the home of the Chicago Bank, on Wilson Avenue. It seated 900 people and we were there for several years.

They they built one of the most beautiful auditoriums in all America—the Pantheon Theatre, with 3,000 seats. Our venturesome Board of Trustees felt that here was an opportunity for the church to still keep on growing. We went into the Pantheon Theatre and I preached there for many years.

When the opportunity came for us to buy the lot upon which this building stands, we entered into the great task which is still unfinished of building this beautiful building. And twenty-six years ago tomorrow I opened the door and walked out onto this present pulpit to preach my first sermon here.

It was a great moment, and as I was thinking about it last night, seated in my study in the quiet of the deepening evening, I thought of the men who were with me that day in this pulpit, twenty-six years ago. Not a single one of those men is alive today.

The chairman of our building committee, who accepted the keys, as you will remember, from the architect Mr. J. D. O. Pridmore—both of these men I have laid away. Mr. Pridmore, the architect, presented the keys to Mr. Anderson that morning, and Mr. Anderson, as chairman of the building committee, received them, and made a very splendid acceptance address.

Mr. Abernethy, who was conducting our choir that morning, is no longer with us; a member of the Choir Invisible.

Our organist was the distinguished organist, Mr. Clarence Eddy, and I laid him away.

Dr. Frederick Shannon, of Central Church; I attended his funeral only last year. Dr. Hawley of Unity Church. Every man who was with us that morning has passed on in the twenty-six years.

It is a particularly solemn moment for me and for this church as we think of all the hundreds and hundreds of people who have come in and out of these doors during these twenty-six years. When I think of the literally hundreds whom I have laid away; of those who have moved from our city; and those who have left for one reason or another.

These walls have resounded with music and with inspiration straight through two world wars. I am thinking of the young men, whom I held in my arms as babies and christened them; whose fathers and mothers I married; and have watched those young men go away to the death and destruction of war. The memories crowd my heart and mind.

I am thinking of the men on our Board of Trustees, our official family; our ushering staff; members of our choir and of the various organizations. The ties grow tighter and more beautiful as the years pass.

This morning we are commemorating, in our service, the twenty-sixth

anniversary of the dedication.

As I said last Sunday morning, I should like these concluding three months of the first half of the Twentieth Century to be months of rejuvenation and revitalization and of consecration to the ideals and purposes of this church; and that is why I should like each of you, as we read together, as we did so long ago, the dedicatory sentences of this church, to rededicate yourselves to the work of our church.

(The congregation read in unison):

"For the advancement of religion; for the achievement of a better social order; for the spiritual enrichment of individual lives; for liberality of thinking; for the expression of true patriotism; for the highest service to this city; in the spirit of love and fellowship, we, pastor and people, hereby dedicate this Church."

Tribute to

MR. ANTHONY S. KREDLER

by

Dr. Preston Bradley

The Peoples Church, Chicago Illinois, Sunday Morning Service, September 25, 1949.

In these last few days, since I returned home, there have been several personal losses which have come through the visitation of that inevitable messenger which we shall all face one of these days. Some of the cases are particularly tragic and intimate in the sense of grief and loss.

After returning from an engagement, my telephone rang, and I was told of the passing of our dear friend, Mr. Tony Kredler, the husband of Mrs. Kredler, beloved by us all, who was so long the president of our Woman's Club. Mr. Kredler went suddenly and quickly yesterday, and I am quite sure that every member of this church and every member of our Woman's Club will be thinking of Mrs. Kredler with love and sympathy in their hearts.

The funeral services for Mr. Kredler will be held Tuesday afternoon at 3:00 P.M., at the Nehls Funeral Parlor, 3026 West Belmont Avenue.

I am quite sure that all of you would want me to send to Mrs. Kredler your sympathy and love and appreciation. We all knew Tony, so active, so vivacious, and we all liked him.

And so, another one of our beloved families has gone through that experience, and I am quite sure that in our prayer of silence, we will want to remember Mrs. Kredler and family.

Tribute to

MR. LEONARDE A. KEELER

by

Dr. Preston Bradley

Last week I conducted the funeral services for Mr. Leonarde A. Keeler, a brilliant young man, which makes it all the more tragic. He was the inventor of the lie detector test. Today we are thinking of him, and of those who loved him.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

IN this November number of our church magazine, I think the most helpful and effective editorial I could give to our members and friends might be

TEN RULES FOR GETTING RESULTS FROM CHURCH GOING

First. Go regularly to church. A prescription designed by a physician to be taken at regular intervals is not effective if taken once a year.

Second. Let us think of church-going as an art, with definite rules to follow —an art anyone can acquire.

Third. Spend a quiet Saturday evening and get a good sleep. Get in condition for Sunday.

Fourth. Go in a relaxed state of body and mind. Don't rush to church. Go in a leisurely manner. The absence of tension is a requisite to successful worship.

Fifth. Go in a spirit of enjoyment. Church is not a place of gloom. Christianity is a radiant and happy thing. Religion should be enjoyed.

Sixth. Sit relaxed in the pew, feet on the floor, hands loosely in lap or at the side. Allow the body to yield to the contour of the pew. Don't sit rigid. God's grace cannot get through to your personality through a tied-up body and mind.

Seventh. Don't bring a problem to church. Think hard during the week, but let the problem "simmer" in the mind over Sunday. God's peace brings creative energy to help the intellectual process. You will reveive insight to solve your problem.

Eighth. Do not bring ill-will to church. A grudge blocks the flow of spiritual power. To cast out ill-will, pray in church for those you do not like or who dislike you.

Ninth. Practice the art of spiritual contemplation. In church do not think about yourself. Think about God. Think of some beautiful and peaceful thing, perhaps even of the stream where you fished this summer. The idea is to

get mentally away from the world, into an atmosphere of peace and refreshment.

Tenth. Go to church expecting some great thing to happen to you. Believe that a church service is the creation of an atmosphere in which a spiritual miracle can take place. Men's lives have been changed in church through faith in Christ. Believe it should and can happen to you.

THANKSGIVING

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

For each new morning with its light,
Father, we thank Thee,
For rest and shelter of the night,
Father, we thank Thee,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything Thy goodness sends,
Father, in heaven, we thank Thee.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service.....11:00
Broadcast WJJD
Sunday School.....9:30 a.m.
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Supt.
OPENING SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE, SUNDAY, NOV. 6, 1949 .....7:30

GREAT BOOKS SERIES
Opening Wednesday Evening Book Lecture
Wednesday Evening, Nov. 2, 1949 .....8:00

The long-awaited 1949-50 Book Lecture Season opens Wednesday Evening, November 2, at 8 o'clock sharp, as always.

Dr. Bradley has chosen an exciting book list for the opening month of the series:

Nov. 2—"The Mature Mind"—H. A. Overstreet
Nov. 9—"Mary"—Sholem Asch
Nov. 16—"Peace of Soul"—Fulton Sheen
Nov. 23—"American Freedom and Catholic Power"—Paul Blanshard
Nov. 30—"John L. Lewis, a Biography"—Saul Alinsky

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES

Telephone your friends and remind them that on Sunday Evening, November 6, Dr. Bradley will open the Sunday Evening Services, which start promptly at 7:30 o'clock.

For the benefit of those who come early to be assured of their favorite seat, the service is always preceded by an organ concert by our Musical Director, Mr. Walter Flandorf, beginning at 7 o'clock.

* * *

BAZAAR—BAZAAR—BAZAAR ! ! !
November 17th and 18th ! ! !

Let nothing interfere with your being at the ANNUAL PEOPLES CHURCH BAZAAR on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18th and FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19th. Also, if you will attend the Book Lecture on Wednesday evening, November 16th, you will get a special pre-view of the Bazaar, as Dr. Bradley will officially open the Bazaar at the close of the book lecture, at 9 p.m.

THE IMPORTANT THING IS—Have you made every possible contribution that you can make to the Bazaar, and have you planned to do all of your Christmas Shopping at 941 Lawrence Avenue, in Anderson Hall, November 16, 17 and 18? If not, WHY NOT?

The Bazaar Committee is headed by Mrs. Walter A. Stehle, Chairman of the Bazaar and President of the Woman's Club; the Co-chairman is Mrs. E. Wilbur.

The Bazaar Booths will be in charge of the following people:

Aprons .....
...Mrs. J. Wahlman, Mrs. C. Clark
Bazaar Display Platform.....
.....Mrs. E. Peirce
Chance Books.....Mrs. H. B. Hunter
Choir.....Mr. Howard Wentz
Church School of Religious Education.....Mrs. Michael Krauvice
Donations Chairman.....
.....Mrs. T. A. Harrison
Fancy Goods.....Mrs. G. Schweizer, Mrs. J. Baer, Mrs. H. Huckins, Mrs. H. Thomas
Food and Candy.....
..Mrs. M. Bradway, Mrs. W. Jones
Handkerchiefs.....Mrs. E. Peirce
Kitchen Booth.....
....Mrs. F. Bilek, Mrs. K. Hudson
Men's Club Booth.....
.....Mr. F. Bryan. Mr. C. Chirpe
Pillow Cases.....Mrs. W. Erich
Professional and Business Woman's Club.....Miss Grace Rozanski
Refreshments, Channing Club.....
..... Neil Hunter
Towels.....Mrs. W. Hughes
Uptown Players.....
.....Mr. J. Bradley Griffin
White Elephant....Mrs. A. Cameron, Miss M. Byrnes, Mrs. W. Fowler, Mrs. C. Wicklin, Mrs. C. Zink

* * *

CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS

For information concerning the various clubs and church organizations consult "Directory" on page 24 for list of officers. Keep in touch with these columns, as well as the Sunday Church Calendar.

CHURCH SEATS

If you would like a special seat in church reserved for you until 10:55 each Sunday morning, contact the church office, by phone, LOn. 1-6878, or in person.

The Church Office is located on the mezzanine floor; Mrs. T. A. Harrison, Church Secretary.

Dr. Bradley's European Trip

Dr. Bradley's articles under the heading "Along the Way" which describe his European trip, are appearing in each issue of the Liberalist. Subscribe now for The Liberalist either at the table in the Church Lobby or at the Church Office, in order that you may not miss one of these interesting articles.

* * *

THANKSGIVING MORNING COMMUNITY THANKSGIVING SERVICE

Thanksgiving Day, Thursday morning, November 24th, The Peoples Church will hold its Annual Community Thanksgiving Service, from 11 a.m. until 12:00 noon.

The Country Church of the City (Granville Avenue Methodist), Mr. Benjamin M. Will, Pastor, is uniting with us in the service, as are the North Shore Kiwanis and the Uptown Lions Club and other civic organizations of the city.

Rev. Mr. Will is assisting in the service, which will be broadcast by WJJD direct from the pulpit of the church.

* * *

NOVEMBER CLUB CALENDARS

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

Mondays, Nov. 14th and 21st, 1:00 p.m.

On Monday the 14th, the very exciting and inviting DONATION TEA, at which Mrs. Preston Bradley is Chairman and Hostess, assisted by the

Officers and Board of the club, will take place.

This Annual Donation Tea, with its outstanding program, is always a much-looked-forward-to event of the Club and Church year.

Mrs. Bradley reports that the program this year will be presented by Mr. J. Bradley-Griffin, Director of the Uptown Players, assisted by several other artists.

Admission to the Tea and program is by a donation to the Bazaar. The quality of the programs offered always merits a very fine donation.

Mrs. E. Wilbur is Social Chairman.

Attendance at the Annual Donation Tea always offers a splendid opportunity for a visit with old friends, for last-minute planning for the Big Event on November 17th and 18th. Then comes the pleasure of the excellent program offered and last, but not least, a chance to take a pre-view of gifts for the Bazaar.

There is no let-down in interest after the Bazaar is over, for at the next November meeting, on Monday, the 21st, the Club holds its RECIPROCITY DAY when members are welcomed from the other Clubs of their Ninth District, the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church being the Hostess Club.

For their program, the Club will present Miss Margot Tschirley in a review of Pearl S. Buck's latest novel, "Kin Folk."

Members of the Board will be hostesses.

* * *

THE PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

The Business Woman's Club of the Church is looking forward to its Bazaar Donation Night on Tuesday, November 8th, when members and friends bring their final donations to the Business Woman's Booth. This is a very sociable evening and gives an opportunity for a preview of the interesting articles to be sold at the Bazaar.

BOOK REVIEW BY LEVINA JORDAN

Of special interest among the many fine evenings in store for this club will be the meeting of Tuesday evening, November 22nd.

Levina Jordan, native of Illinois and long-time resident of New Orleans will give one of her informal, entertaining presentations of a current book.

Mrs. Jordan has a keen sense of humor, gives a vivacious and sparkling narration, and has a vital and intriguing style. This will be a splendid night to bring your friends and interest them in the work of this fine club.

* * *

MEN'S CLUB

The Men's Club of the Peoples Church has the largest membership of any of the church organizations and meets the fourth Monday of each month in Anderson Hall.

This is a very live organization, offers an exceptionally fine program at every meeting, with outstanding speakers and first-class entertainment. Refreshments are always served. There is a singfest at the opening of each meeting. Occasionally there is a Ladies Night which is always well attended.

Guests are always welcome. There is a nominal guest fee of 50c.

* * *

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

November Production

The Uptown Players embarked on their 27th season by presenting for their October production the delightful comedy, "For Love or Money."

For November they are presenting "The Glass Menagerie," by Tennessee Williams. There will be three presentations of the play, Thursday evening,

November 10th, Saturday evening, November 12th and a matinee Sunday afternoon, November 13th, at 3 o'clock. The evening performances will be at 8:30.

Patron books are still available, which provide for reserved seats in a special section of the theatre. There has been no increase in price for the patron memberships. These memberships are $10 for 12 admissions to the Thursday night or Sunday afternoon performances and $13 for 12 admissions to the Saturday night show. A Patron is admitted without charge to each of the drama teas, has his name in the program each month, and may call and reserve seats in the special section reserved for Patrons. These coupon books are an excellent answer to your social obligations and the books make an ideal Christmas gift for your friends. The coupons may be used in any number for any production.

In case you missed seeing the October production of "For Love or Money," inquire of The Players regarding their production of this delightful comedy in Oak Park on November 23rd.

All the regular productions are presented in the Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. Eleventh Street, and are under the direction of Mr. J. Bradley Griffin, Director of the Uptown Players.

DRAMA TEA

Each month, on the first Sunday of the month, The Uptown Players hold a Drama Tea in Anderson Hall of The Peoples Church, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

On Sunday afternoon, November 6th, The Uptown Players will present their director, J. Bradley Griffin, in a program of poetry, with musical accompaniment.

A One-Act Play will be presented, directed by Mr. Otto Senz. The plays given at the Drama Teas are selected and directed entirely by members of The Uptown Players.

AUDITIONS

Auditions are held at the Studios of The Uptown Players, 1149 N. LaSalle Street, on the third Sunday of each month.

Anyone interested in acting, directing, producing, costume designing, make-up or any phase of the theatre is welcome for audition.

* * *

SCOUTING

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187 reports a very busy summer's activity and the anticipation of a pleasant Fall and Winter, with plenty of hard work ahead.

Early in the Summer a cook-out was planned, but because the weather-man presented them with a cloudburst that morning, the lunch "cook-out" became a "cook-in" held in the Church basement, with Swedish meatballs as the main dish.

Again the weather frowned on the Beach Breakfast, but although too cold for swimming they had fun building sand castles and eating breakfast at Montrose Avenue Beach.

Everything was perfect at the other two outings—an interesting visit to Hull House and another to a Grant Park Concert, winding up at the Buckingham Fountain Display.

There was a call for assistance at the Tuberculosis Institute, where this Troop spent two full mornings at the Institute's headquarters, helping them prepare for their next big drive.

The 1949-50 Season was started in September, concentrating on developing handicraft abilities, and serving others in every way possible.

BOOK CHATS

I AM going to tell you about a good book for relaxation. Now don't let the title frighten you away. It almost did that to me when I glanced at the book on my study desk, for the title said "The *Business* of Life." For just a moment I thought it was a book on economics or some kind of a treatise on business. Then I read it again with a slightly different emphasis—"The Business of *Life*," and I decided to look it over. To my delight I found it something to pick up for relaxation, and a very delightful book it is, written by William Feather and published by Simon and Schuster.

The publishers tell us that among the outstanding critics and editors who have been William Feather "fans" for many years are the late Cyrus H. K. Curtis, H. L. Mencken, Ellery Sedgwick, formerly Editor of the Atlantic Monthly, and Bruce Barton. Mr. Feather is well known in the American business world for his brilliantly edited house organs or company magazines, distributed by scores of leading firms to a total circulation of more than 200,000 regular readers.

The book is an intimate and candid self-portrait by a printer-philosopher who writes in the tradition of "Poor Richard." He is an informal essayist, and being as much interested in the life of business as he is in the business of life, he covers a very broad field. The book contains short and pithy reflections, written from day to day over a period of twenty years and they are now grouped together in this book in a well-rounded form. His informal essays are candid and pungent reflections and have the quality of uninhibited shop-talk. There is not an obscure line in the book, as with complete candor the author tells of his rambling adventures and contemplations. He covers every subject from haystacks to smokestacks. William Feather was first a newspaper reporter in Cleveland in 1910, after graduation from Western Reserve University. Six years later he went into business for himself as a writer and owner of a printing plant in Cleveland. Under a chapter on Walking which has nine sub-heads under it, the author has a few comments to make on the subject of Massage. He says:

"Just a moment ago a salesman tried to persuade me to take a course of baths and massage. 'One hour of our treatment is equal to a ten-mile walk,' he said. I told him I would prefer to take the walk. 'But you haven't the time for walking,' he countered. I denied his assertion. I could walk four miles in the time I would spend in his bathhouse, lying on a cot alongside a dozen sick and misshapen gents. In my four-mile walk I would be out in the fresh air, with my mind on something other than fat bodies and stiff joints. It costs me nothing to walk, while his rub costs me four dollars. I know men who go to these emporiums in taxicabs. They haven't time to walk. Yet the walk to the bathhouse and back could be made in less time than they spend on the rubbing table and they could get back to their office with four dollars and the taxi fares still in their pockets." And the author concludes, "Every day I wonder why we don't walk more."

I opened to his chapter on travel and found some very sensible tips on packing for the man who travels much. And

wherever I started to read I sensed a man with a great sense of humor. Under travel, also, he remarks that "A hotel isn't like home, but it's better than being a house guest." And here are the headings for his pithy short essays under this chapter: Tip Well—Toting a Bag—It's a Large World (and his remarks here are interesting considering how everyone else calls it a Small World) — Unfinished Business — Try This—Rockefeller Center—Perspective —Sleep, Eat, Sit—Organization: (Here he finds that "As everybody knows, the organization of four is six times as difficult as the organization of two." And "the thing keeps compounding as the number increases." He thinks the only way to get four people organized is to act quickly, as anything planned for two weeks or a week hence will not come off. He recommends the dinner hour of the evening *before* as early enough to organize, and the take-off should not occur later than nine the next morning.

Another title here is San Francisco and what a thorough-going description he does give in 18 lines of print. Then Holiday Mood—No Convincing Evidence, where he has found after the better part of a lifetime that recreational travelers do not report their experiences adequately or honestly. "To admit that anything but the best of all times was had on a holiday would be to belittle one's own choice and suffer personal humiliation. Hence whatever the miseries may have been at the resort or whatever the discomforts suffered in the journey there and back, the temptation to make an alluring report is irresistible." He thinks that "Often lucky or adventurous travelers bump into such exciting adventures that the confession of them would be embarrassing. You don't get the truth from that tribe," he claims. And the meek, he adds, "do nothing and hear nothing worth repeating, or so it seems to them and probably would to their friends."

There are 17 other subjects under Travel, and perhaps the most humorous of all is the one he calls "Home Again," where he found that he was awed on returning from a trip, by the spaciousness of his own house and the grandeur of the grounds and exclaimed, "I can't afford this." There is a heading called Home, Marriage and Family, and if you doubt the wide coverage of this author's subjects, just listen to these sub-heads: Home Life—My Family—Women—Married Life—Home Cooking — Pets — Sleep — Conversation — Food and Drink—Health—Entertainment.

William Feather, the author, in his foreword tells us that some of his readers have been willing to put up with him, month by month, for thirty-three years—that that is a pleasant fact. He adds, "As of August 25, 1949, I was sixty years old." He is still active in business. Several newspapers, among them, the Philadelphia Public Ledger and the New York Evening Post, printed a short column by Mr. Feather for twelve years under the heading "A Business Man's Philosophy."

When one considers that this active business man and writer has been writing for thirty-three years on simple subjects that have to do with the business of living, the book is bound to be interesting. To be interesting on any subject, one must know what he is talking about. Mr. Feather is a born philosopher, with a delightful sense of humor, writing about the day to day business of life—about all the things he knows most about:—about The Life of Business — Home, Marriage and Family—Miscellany, and then he adds an epilogue. Perhaps our young women readers may be interested in the first paragraph under Charm: Mr. Feather

says, "If young women devoted to the cultivation of their voices half the time and money that now go to the beauty shops, they would acquire a degree of charm that would be most pleasing. Next to listening to a person who has something to say, I think that I most enjoy listening to a person who speaks well. I have in mind the enunciation of words, clear, distinct, and beautiful, and low, well-modulated voices that are musical rather than hoarse." The book, "The Business of Life" ranges delightfully into the field of economics, travel, and food, and the honest examination of "the little things that are tremendous."

* * *

"Life is a game with a glorious prize,
If we only play it right.
It is give and take, build and break,
And often it ends in a fight;
But he surely wins who honestly tries
(Regardless of wealth or fame);
He can never despair who plays it fair—
How are you playing the game?

Do you wilt and whine, if you fail to win
In the manner you think your due?
Do you sneer at the man in case that he can
And does, do better than you?
Do you take your rebuffs with a knowing grin?
Do you laugh though you pull up lame?
Does your faith hold true when the whole world's blue?
How are you playing the game?"

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

THERE must be something of the nature of wild geese in me, to judge from the charming poem quoted from "One Thousand Beautiful Things" which we printed on the front page of our October number of The Liberalist, because—

"Something told the wild geese
It was time to go.
Though the fields lay golden
Something whispered, 'Snow.'"

And so it was with me—the North Woods were never more beautiful; I think I have never seen such gorgeous Autumn coloring. All tones of gold, from lemon yellow to orange and bronze, in the birches and poplars and ash. There is not a great deal of maple, but enough to make brilliant splashes of color ranging from pink to garnet, all enhanced by the deep, rich green of fir trees. The golden foliage is particularly dramatic against a background of cedars, balsams and pines.

Because of all this autumnal glory, on every island, on mainland, on the distant hills—birches amid the pines bordering the roads, everywhere glowing color—I wanted to remain in the

enjoyment of it, and to drink in all I could of the pure, aromatic air of the North, but it was becoming uncomfortably cold for me. Mornings and nights were cold; even down to 32°. In the daytime the sun shone warm and brillant, but to step into the shade or wind chilled one through. And so, like the wild geese, "Something told me it was time to go!" And since I left there have been terrible storms in that area, the terrific gale sweeping over many states, as we all know from newspaper and radio accounts. Minneapolis and Duluth paid heavy toll, as did all that district, even as far as International Falls, which is a hundred miles past Lake Vermilion. We were extremely fortunate in only loosing four trees (and not large ones) at our island, according to our caretaker. Naturally we are sorry to lose those; every tree is precious!

Of course it is nice to be home, as it cannot always be *summer* in the North Woods! The city beckons when frost and wintry weather is around the corner. It was splendid to be in Church again after my long absence. I was very happy to be there Anniversary Sunday—the twenty-third anniversary of our church building. I thought I never saw it more beautiful. There was a keen feeling of sadness I felt (and I knew my husband did) when Doctor spoke of that Sunday twenty-three years ago, when we dedicated our Church, and the many friends and members present then who are no longer with us! Through misty eyes I seemed to see their faces as they were that day when we were all so happy, proud and thrilled with our own new Church.

There was a large congregation present this Anniversary Sunday, who gave every indication of enjoying the sermon; and you who were not there may read it in this November number of The Liberalist, but it will not be like hearing Dr. Bradley give it! I was welcomed home by so many after service, it was heartwarming to be made to realize I had been missed. And now I fear I am overstepping my space, and we must look into the Mail Bag.

The first letter I pick up is most unusual in form. After reading the first two paragraphs I began to feel ruffled, and grew warmer with each line, till the very last, and then I laughed out loud and said, "Well, this is good! I thought up to the close of the letter the writer was giving Dr. Bradley the "what for," including him with the preachers for whom he has particular aversion! It is clever and I give it to you to enjoy:

"Dear Sir:

Like many other shut-ins I have formed the habit of talking back to my radio, so, when you made the prediction that you would get plenty of letters this week, I spoke up and said, 'You said it, Mister, and one of them will be from me!'

"Starting in on my fifth year of hospitalization, most of my contact with the outer world has been through the medium of the radio, and I've heard some awful things; among some of the most awful, *SERMONS!*

"Some of them were, to my thinking, so awful that I finally decided to write a book (who hasn't?) in a probably futile attempt to get the various preachers straightened out and steered into one channel of thought concerning the right approach toward teaching the principles of religion.

"For an unfortunate two months while at the VA Hospital in Dayton, Ohio, I was forced to listen to a program originating in Indianapolis. I don't remember the preacher's name, but he could sling hell-fire and damnation like Joe Louis could sling leather. The man who owned the offending

radio ate it up and added his fanatical opinions of my utter degradation to those of this so-called minister of the gospel. I figured I could write a lot of words, just telling the world that this man was a liar and a cheat, while, at the same time, pointing out that any God as stupid and merciless as the one he described to his vast radio audience was not worthy of any man's love and devotion.

"Yes! Here is a letter from me; not from an outraged listener, but from a man who has been preached into a disbeliever. Pardon that error! What I meant to say was, into *becoming* a disbeliever.

"I have often wondered why I do not believe in God, as I come from a deeply religious family. My grandfather was a circuit rider in the early days of Indiana and two of my Uncles were Methodist Ministers. However, my loss of faith in God started from the attitude of a preacher in whom I had put a lot of confidence and trust. I won't bother you with that story, as it has nothing to do with my reason for writing this letter.

"That reason is so simple I can give it in one sentence:

"If there were more preachers with minds like yours there would be fewer unbelievers with minds like mine.

Sincerely yours,

W. A. Meeker."

* * *

Here is a very kind letter from a radio listener who hears through a hearing-aid device. She enclosed a charming little poem. The letter follows:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"What a wonderful sermon you preached last Sunday and how blessed we are to have you to speak out for us. Oh, if we only had more men in our country like you. You are such an inspiration, so humane and understanding.

"Yes, when you said last Sunday you expected to be in Belvidere on Wednesday, I figured you'd take time out to call on Miss Ferguson, so I tuned in Thursday A.M. radio broadcast to hear of your visit.

"How terribly sorry we are to hear of her losing her sight. It seems that one affliction is bad enough, but, with two—we who are up and around and see, should never complain. I had a young blind sister who was my idol. She was the happiest one in the family and never complained. Thirty-nine years old, she was a beautiful, lovable, intelligent character. God called one evening at twilight to take her home. How I miss her; her inspiration. I've always worked among the blind and always will.

"I have written to Miss Ferguson since you asked us to a long time ago, and we shall drive up soon to see her. Thank you for bringing the sad news to us. Maybe we can help to keep her spirit high. She, too, is a beautiful character.

"Thanks, too, Dr. Bradley, for reciting the Lord's Prayer at the service, instead of the choir singing it. I for one feel it is a prayer, a very sacred one, not a song. Of course, I'm just one in a million.

"Sorry the enclosed offering isn't larger. I thank you for your wonderful inspiration in these trying times. I am not a poet. However, I do enjoy scribbling, as poets do. I am open for criticism. Here is one of my latest. Thanking you again for your kind, good self, I am a radio listener (through hearing-aid device)

Sincerely,

Corinna Robbins."

And with her poem, which blends so

beautifully with the spirit of Autumn, we will close the Mail Bag:

AUTUMN LEAVES

Little green leaves of yesterday,
Smiling on the trees, so gay,
Change to autumn's gold and brown,
Then—
Quickly tumble to the ground.
They curl, they toss, they roll and spin,
Extolling jolly souls within.
Each day they grew through Light Divine,
Heard Him whisper: "Come, thou too art mine."

Remember to write us and—

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

HOW TO ATTAIN SUCCESS

THE other day I was speaking to a crowd of more than 2,000 students in one of the great high schools here in the city of Chicago. At the close of my talk I asked if there were not some questions some of the young people would like to ask me. I didn't guarantee to answer the questions, but I did want to hear what those young people would ask, for I was as much concerned in getting their point of view as I was in thinking I had anything to say to them. I was talking about living life victoriously, triumphantly, making it count every day, and I used the word success several times during my address. At the conclusion a young student arose and said, "Dr. Bradley, have you a definition of success? What do you mean by success?"

I realized at once that those young people were not interested in a lot of generalities or platitudes about success. They wanted me to get right down to earth, right down to "brass tacks." The young man concluded by saying, "Do you consider yourself a success?" I was, so to speak, "on the spot." And here is the gist of what I replied:

Success consists in finding out what is keeping you from being the thing you want to be, and then fighting that thing with all your might. No one is ever a success who is satisfied with his present achievement. The moment we become satisfied with what we are and what we are doing, that moment do we begin to deteriorate. And although I have stood for 38 years in one pulpit in the City of Chicago, I have never yet entered that pulpit feeling that the momentum of the years would permit me to be less than the best I could be on every occasion. Every address, every broadcast, everything I do I feel just as much on trial as I did in the first year of my work. If for one moment I change my feeling about this, I would know that my going forward had stopped and I was already on the decline.

The most successful and the finest people I know are people who have themselves constantly under scrutiny and observation. They are always on the alert to discover what they do, what they say, what they are, which prevents them from realizing their highest hopes and dreams for themselves. After all, we know more about ourselves than we know about anyone else, or than anyone knows about us. If we really will turn the searchlight upon ourselves more than we do, we will discover that many of the things which happen to us, and many of our failures, can be explained in terms of our own shortcomings. What's keeping you from being the kind of a person you want to be? When you find the answer to that question and then go to work on it, you will find life opening up in ever-increasing power and becoming daily a deeper and richer experience.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

Aug. 21—Address. 100th Anniversary Territorial Centennial of Minnesota. Soudan and Tower. McKinley Park

Aug. 31—Address. Rotary Club, Ely, Minnesota

SEPTEMBER

6—Address. Faculty Meeting, Duluth School System. High School Auditorium, Duluth, Minn.

11—Sermon. St. Andrews Church, Fort William, Canada

12—Address. Arrowhead Civic Club, Duluth, Minn.
Address. Presbyterian Men's Club, Hibbing, Minn.

15—Address. Rotary Club, Hibbing, Minn.

18—Opening Service, Peoples Church.
Address. Sunday Evening Club, Willard Memorial Church, Oak Park, Illinois
Address. Anniversary Service, Metropolitan Community Church

20—Radio Conference. WGN

22—Address. Advertising Club of Milwaukee. Milwaukee Athletic Club

25—Sermon. Peoples Church
Address. Greater Bethesda Baptist Church

26—Opening Broadcast. WGN
Address. Opening Luncheon, Woman's Club, Peoples Church. Sheridan-Plaza Hotel
Address. Men's Club. Opening Night. Anderson Hall, Peoples Church

27—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Kiwanis Club, Edgewater Beach Hotel

28—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Sherman Paper Products Co., Breakfast, Stevens Hotel
Address. Men's Club, First Presbyterian Church, Belvidere, Ill.

29—Radio Address. WGN
Cut record. WGN

30—Radio Address (E.T.) WGN
Address. 25th Anniversary, Minnesota Arrowhead Assn., Hotel Duluth, Duluth, Minn.

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24—Leonarde Keeler

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29—Charles Ries

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